

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;  
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord,

Brut. Portia: What meanest thou? wherefore risest thou now?  
It is not for your health, thus to commit  
Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. I have vngently Brutus  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper  
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd vpon me, with vngentle looks.

I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:  
Yet I infist'd, yet you answer'd not,  
But with an angry waister of your hand  
Gaued signe for me to leaue you: So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,  
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,

Which sometime hath his hour with euery man.  
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;  
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,  
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,

I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of griefe.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.  
Por. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the meane to come by it.

Brut. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.  
Por. Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall

To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours  
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus sicke?  
And will he steale out of his wholesome bed

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?  
And tempt the Rheumy, and vnpurged Ayre,  
To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my Brutus,

You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,  
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place  
Iought to know of: And vpon my knees,

I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,  
By all your vov'es of Loue, and that great Vow  
Which did incorporate and make vs one,

That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe  
Why you are heauy: and what men to night  
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue bene  
Some fixe or seuen, who did hide their faces  
Euen from darknesse.

Brut. Kneele not gentle Portia.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,

Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets  
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,  
But as it were in sort, or limitation?

To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,  
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

Brut. You are my true and honourable Wife,  
As deere to me, as are the ruddy dropes  
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,  
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.  
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex  
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:  
I haue made strong prooue of my Constancie,  
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound

Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,  
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!  
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Harke, harke, one knockes: Portia go in a while,  
And by and by thy bosome shall partake  
The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will contrue to thee,  
All the Charactery of my sad browes:  
Leaue me with hast.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.  
Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.  
Brut. Cains Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Cains Ligarius, how?  
Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brut. O what a time haue you chose our braue Cains  
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Cai. I am not sicke, if Brutus haue in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Brut. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius,  
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,  
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,

Braue Sonne, deri'd from Honourable Loines,  
Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp  
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,

And I will strue with things impossible;  
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Brut. A peece of worke,  
That will make sicke men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?  
Brut. That must we also. What it is my Cains,

I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,  
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,  
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.  
Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,  
Haue bene at peace to night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleepe cryed out,  
Helpe, ho: They murther Caesar. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.  
Ser. My Lord.

Caesar. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Enter Calphurnia.  
Cal. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stirre out of your house to day.  
Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,  
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see  
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Calp.

Calp. Caesar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,  
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,  
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.

A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,  
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;

Pierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds  
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre  
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:

The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:  
Horses do neigh, and dying men did grone,  
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.

O Caesar, these things are beyond all vie,  
And I do feare them.

Caesar. What can be auoyded  
Whole end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?  
Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these Predictions  
Are to the world in generall, as to Caesar.

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seene,  
The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes

Caesar. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,  
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:

Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,  
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,  
Seeing that death, a necessary end  
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.  
What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.  
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,  
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Caesar. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:  
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart

If he should stay at home to day for feare:  
No Caesar shall not; Danger knowes full well  
That Caesar is more dangerous then he.

We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible,  
And Caesar shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,  
Your wisdome is consum'd in confidence:

Donot go forth to day: Call it my feare,  
That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.

Wee'll send Mark Antony to the Senate house,  
And he shall say, you are not well to day:  
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

Caesar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,  
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.  
Heere's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Deci. Caesar, all haile: Good morrow worthy Caesar,  
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Caesar. And you are come in very happy time,  
To beare my greeting to the Senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to day:

Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to day, tell them so Decius.

Calp. Say he is sicke.  
Caesar. Shall Caesar send a Lye?

Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,  
To be afeard to tell Gray-beards the truth:  
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Deci. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,  
Left I be laugh't at when I tell them so.

Caesar. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,  
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your priuate satisfaction,  
Because I loue you, I will let you know.  
Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:

She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,  
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts  
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,  
And euils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,  
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:  
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke  
Renewing blood, and that great men shall presse  
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognifiance.  
This by Calphurnia's Dreame is signified.

Caesar. And this way haue you well expounded it.  
Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:  
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded  
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:  
When Caesars wife shall meere with better Dreames.  
If Caesar hide himselfe, shall they not whisper  
Loe Caesar is afraid?

Pardon me Caesar, for my deere deere loue  
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:  
And reason to my loue is liable.

Caesar. How foolish do your fears seeme now Calphurnia?  
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.  
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.  
And looke where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow Caesar.

Caesar. Welcome Publius.  
What Brutus, are you stirr'd so earely too?

Good morrow Caska: Cains Ligarius,  
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,  
As that same Ague which hath made you leane.

What is't a Clocke?

Brut. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Caesar. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.  
See, Antony that Reuels long a-nights  
Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow Antony.

Ant. So to most Noble Caesar.

Caesar. Bid them prepare within:  
I am too blame to be thus waited for.  
Now Cynna, now Metellus: what Trebonius,  
I haue an houres talke in store for you:  
Remember that you call on me to day:  
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar I will: and so neere will I be,  
That your best Friends shall wish I had bene further.

Caesar. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me  
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Brut. That euery like is not the same, O Caesar,  
The heart of Brutus eares to thinke vpon.

Exit Brutus.  
Enter Artemidorus.  
Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not neere.